

## 'THE OLD MASTER' PITCHES GIANTS TO CLEAN VICTORY

(Continued From First Page.)

for a left-handed first baseman in the Giants' tool chest.

Praise for Plank. Eight innings of a titanic pitching duel between Mathewson and Eddie Plank—and something must be said here and now for Plank—defeated, but great in his defeat. Thirteen years in the harness, and nearing his fortieth birthday—an age when most baseball stats have passed and been forgotten, the "Gettysburg Gattling" fought a wonderful fight.

The oldest pitcher in point of service in his league, just as Mathewson is the oldest in the National League, Plank pitched with all the craft that has made him one of the greatest left-handers that ever wore a cleated shoe, but gradually the terrific strain told on him, and gradually the cunning faded from his hands. Toward the close it was seen that Plank was done.

In the last half of that momentous ninth, Amos Strunk hit the second ball Mathewson pitched to him for a single across second, and a groan rose from the Gotham roosters scattered through the stands. They feared that this was the beginning of the end, and that fear became a betting belief when Black Jack Barry, the great short fielder of the Mackmen, hunted at Mathewson and the "Big Train" missed a lunge at the ball. Doyle ran up and recovered the ball and chuckled it over to Wiltse at first with an underhand movement. The throw was wild, the ball passed into a cluster of uniformed policemen, with which the field was literally upholstered. Strunk raced clear to third and Barry pulled up at second.

The stage was set for the downfall of Mathewson. Jack Lapp came to bat. It was here that John J. McGraw made an apparently insignificant move that won the day. Wiltse was playing close to first base when McGraw went out and indicated a spot closer in toward the batter, where he told Wiltse to play. The next instant Lapp smashed a bouncer at "Hooks" and by an astonishingly limber-hipped movement the old southpaw whipped the ball back to Larry McLean, who towered over the plate with his legs straddled across the rubber.

Strunk pitched forward in a mighty slide, but big Larry had him blocked off, and Tommy Connolly, fussy, officious, waved the runner out. Strunk leaped up, complaining over the decision.

"Behave," said the American League umpire, whose work behind the plate to-day was pronounced a near-perfect as umpiring can be. "You were away out."

It is doubtful if a right-handed first baseman could have made the play. Wiltse did, as he had to, and he had to reverse his position for the throw that the willowy Wiltse made with a single left motion.

Meantime Barry had moved to third and Plank was at bat. Here it seemed, Connie Mack, most astute of baseball managers, made a mistake. "Bene," they call it among baseball men. Some hold that he made the error when he let Lapp go to bat with only a long fly needed to win, let alone a hit, and with such men as Harry Davis, Danny Murphy and Wallie Schang in reserve. Most of the lean Grays' self-appointed critics admit, however, that Lapp had a chance, but Plank, never.

The great old sidewinder took a ball, and then rolled to Wiltse, who again summoned the ball back to McLean, then Barry off from the plate. As Black Jack ran toward third, McLean lumbered heavily in pursuit, while Plank tore along toward second and Lapp moved to third. McLean finally threw to Herzog, and Charlie chased Barry back toward the plate again, eventually throwing to Mathewson, who then pitched the shortener out on the base line. Mathewson pitched carefully to Eddie Murphy, an unknown batting quantity to him, and the Baltimore boy finally rolled to the pitcher for an easy out at first.

End Comes With Crash. The end came with a crash in the tenth. McLean, who got into the series because of an accident to Chief Meyers, which will keep the great Indian out of the balance of the games, was the first man up. Meyers had a finger nail torn loose in the Tuesday game and to-day while practicing the thumb on his right hand was shattered. That seemed to be the climax to McGraw's troubles, but fortunately he had in reserve the huge McLean.

The ill-winds to Meyers had blown McLean good. Weeks ago, when Meyers had the same thumb that was splintered to-day split open at the beginning of the heat in the pennant, McGraw bought the gigantic Larry from St. Louis, where he had gone from the Cincinnati Club. The leaders of the big-town club had been spoiled by Meyers by anything except a slinking catcher, and McLean, shunted from team to team and a sort of outcast on the surface of the baseball waters seemed best to suit the purpose of the little Napoleon.

McLean repaid whatever he cost McGraw when he single in the opening of the tenth. Eddie Grant, the Harvard man, another discard of the Cincinnati Club, picked up for just such emergencies as this by McGraw, who believes, and who demonstrated yesterday that a club's strength is in its reserve, ran for McLean. Wiltse bunted the ball, bounding high to Plank, and serving as a sacrifice that put Grant on second.

Then came Mathewson, round after round of applause telling in his wake as he shuffled up to the plate. He is not an imposing batting figure at best, but pitchers will tell you he is "no sucker" and he was "no sucker" in this instance. He rapped a single to catcher, between Murphy and Strunk, and Eddie Grant raced in from second with first run in ten innings. To all intents and purposes the game was over there.

Herzog rolled to Collins, who threw to Barry, covering second in an effort to get Mathewson as "Big Six" ran.

for the bag. The throw almost hit Mathewson, who ducked to avoid the ball, and in ducking, so contrived as to partially obscure Barry's vision. The ball went out into the field, and Mathewson went on to third, while Herzog took second.

Collapsing in Complete.

The collapse of Plank was now complete. Awkwardly he hit Doyle with a pitched ball, filling the bases. The old southpaw dropped his glove to the ground and started to tighten his belt. Behind him Herzog was chattering with that thrill monotone that ever fills the air when the little Marylander is in the game. A grim silence had settled over the Athletics infield, not very talkative at any time.

Fletcher, hitting with a choppy stroke, drove a bouncer over the heads of both Baker and Barry as they closed in at third base in a combined effort to stem the drive, and both Mathewson and Herzog scored. Murphy threw the ball in from left field to second base in a hopeless sort of fashion. Holding Doyle to second, George Burns, the chunky little outfielder, who is one of the giant heroes of the day, saving the game twice by wonderful leaping catches, fanned for the third time. Shafer lifted a fly to Oldring. The punch was gone from the Athletics attack. Herzog made a brilliant stop on Oldring in the final, feeble effort of the Mackmen, and got his man, while Collins was called out on strikes. Baker slammed a furious drive at Wiltse, and "Hooks" knocked the ball down so that Doyle got it in time to return it to Wiltse for a put out on the great slugger of the Athletics. The game was over.

## THROWS NEW HOPE INTO TEAMMATES BY SHEER PLUCK

(Continued From First Page.)

will get a detailed story of the game, and the details will be partially told in these lines, if we ever get to them, but right now there is so much of Mathewson that to forget him is utterly impossible. Last year Mathewson shone great in defeat. Every man looks better as a game loser than as a ranting victor, but Mathewson looked greater to-day in his victory than even the mighty Napoleon looked when he, footsore and weary, led his troops back from Moscow over frozen steppes.

Eddie Plank, rested from an early season of too much work, and like Mathewson, serving his thirteenth glorious year, was opposed to the master of them all. For eight innings it was so close a battle that not an eyelash separated the two main performers. Each had witnessed errors behind him. Each had seen the keystone in the arch of defense cave. Eddie Collins was the chief offender for the Athletics, and Captain Larry Doyle erred for McGraw. Yet neither pitcher wavered. Plank kept at his steady gait.

Thirty thousand people were watching him in Shibe Park, and the left-hander, though unmindful of their presence, did so well that cheer after cheer left the stands urging him on to greater deeds. Incidentally, to put some local flavor in this narrative, Philadelphia might be properly called the Petersburg of the North. Not a play by the home players but brings forth applause. Even Connie Mack is lauded to the vaulted dome, though no one has seen him officiously on the ball grounds since the series started.

Danger Comes in Ninth.

Until the eighth inning, or rather until the ninth inning, danger had drawn near to neither flier. If any one was in trouble it was Mathewson, and that happened in the opening chapter, when Doyle let Eddie Murphy, easy roller get away from him. Oldring then followed with a slashing single straight through Herzog and Fletcher, and the mighty Baker was up, the mighty right field grandstand and Baker, whose shortest drives are good for four bases. Matty served him one in the groove first, then wasted one and struck him out on two successive fadeaways. The monarch of wallballs died before the cruel stab of a Mathewson. After that it was easy.

The eighth looked nasty for the Giants for a minute, and right here lets interpolate that McGraw was compelled to entirely change his line up, and in changing his line-up he had to rearrange his batting order. Merkle was forced out of the game and Snodgrass, still suffering from a lame ankle, was put at first. Shafer, despite his poor showing in New York, was in center again, but Herzog was shoved up to first place in the batting order. After making a hit on his first trip to the plate, Snoddy had to retire, and "Hooks" Wiltse was shoved to the opening corner. It made a difference, a most wonderful difference, but for the better. It was Wiltse, with Mathewson's stout heart who saved the game in the ninth. He will go down along with Christy, regardless of which way the final tide of the turn of a hero of the 1913 series, as will presently appear.

Now go back to the eighth. Eddie Murphy and Rube Oldring had been retired, the first on a beautiful stop by Wiltse, and the second on an easy roller from Fletcher to Wiltse. Then

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(Photo by Posters.)

Collins and Baker each hit, one to left and the other to center. Charlie Herzog pulled a pretty way, which retired the side, by grabbing McLean's stout knock and forcing Collins at third.

Mathewson Shows Pluck.

Then came that fatal ninth, when a second victory seemed assured for the Athletics. Strunk smashed to center, and the mighty right field grandstand, who rolled one by Matty. Captain Doyle grabbed the ball after it had passed the pitcher, and with plenty of time to nail Barry, threw wild and the Philadelphia shortstop journeyed to second, while Strunk went ahead of him to third. It was here that Matty showed his pluck. Any other pitcher could have wilted. Any other man on the mound would have crumpled, but Matty's spine grew into iron; his nerve into steel, and his confidence was so all-pervading that it drifted to the press box. Jack Lapp drove to Wiltse, and the pitcher-first baseman made a perfect throw, low and neat, just to the outside of the plate, so that McLean, who was catching, had a chance to block Strunk. He did it, and one "down" run being killed. For a moment, the unseen Mack hesitated as to whether a pinch hitter for Eddie Plank was advisable—almost everybody but Mack felt that the least defensible of all the infield. Again "Hooks" grabbed the ball batted by Plank and Barry was easily run down, the play going from Wiltse to McLean to Herzog to Matty, the peerless chucker getting the credit of the put-out that saved the game for the Giants.

He likewise participated in the final put-out of the inning when he handed Eddie Murphy's knock, throwing him out at first. Also he batted in the first run scored in the game. It was a bad inning, but men such as Matty rise to their greatest strength in such an emergency.

The tenth brought the finish. McLean, with two balls called on him, singled to left. Eddie Grant was given honor of running for him. Wiltse following came through with a sacrifice, and Matty won his own game literally by planking—no joke meant—a safe knock over second. In trying to force Matty at second, Eddie Collins hit him in the head, allowing him to go to third, when the ball rolled far afield, while Herzog, who was responsible for the knock, went to second. Both Grant and Matty scored when Fletcher hit to left, a long, mean drive that Oldring could not handle in time to make a throw to the plate.

The game was over. Matty had won. It was marked by beautiful defensive play by both Athletics and Giants. Burns made a shoestring catch of Eddie Murphy's liner in the fifth, while Matty gave Rube Oldring a chance to break into the calcium in the eighth, when he turned a somersault nabbing a wicked ball hit by the star of the series thus far. Strunk pulled a pretty one, when he went back nearly to the clubhouse in the eighth and stopped a near-home-run by Herzog. And never forget that Herzog. He was nearly left out of the series, yet his defensive play has proved the sensation of the two games, outside of Matty's performance to-day.

Tesreau and Busch. While nothing authentic has been given out, it is probable that Tesreau will be McGraw's selection tomorrow, and Busch, Mack's. They are in line, though either leader may switch at a moment's notice. It is drizzling to-night, and the weather man forecasts rain to-morrow. The diggers for dope say that rain will help Mack, as he will then be able to work Bender on Friday with Plank returning Saturday.

Nervousness defeated Plank to-day. He was ready, maybe over-ripe, but he was all nerve. He went along all right until the great and severe test came, then he splintered. In marked contrast to Mathewson, who became greater and bigger and more effective towards the close. That the series will go to six or possibly seven games is the opinion freely expressed. Merkle may get back into the game to-morrow, though it is doubtful. If not, Wiltse will again play first, with the probability that Snodgrass, since he hit the one and only time he has been at bat during the series, will supplant Shafer in center.

Both teams left for New York to-night. Little betting is being done, but the Athletics are still favorites, largely because there is only one Mathewson on the New York club. Demaree will certainly get a chance if five games are played. Ticket speculation is rife, and the public is up in arms over developments which seem to show that political agencies have obtained possession of the best seats for speculative purposes. For the two remaining games scheduled in New York prices are \$25 a seat, while conditions are almost as bad in Philadelphia.

A total of 242 balls was pitched in to-day's game between the Athletics and Giants, which was won by the New Yorkers via the shutout score, 3 to 0. Of this total Mathewson pitched 105 and Plank, 137. The star portpaw of the Athletics pitched sixty-two strikes and fifty-three balls, and twenty-two of his offerings were fouled off. Matty pitched sixty-three strikes, topping Plank by one, shoved off twenty-three balls, and nineteen fouls were made while he tossed.

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## VIRGINIA SQUAD IN LONG WORKOUT

(Continued From First Page.)

put up a plucky game on the defensive.

Henry S. MacKay, Jr., of Norwich, Conn., who was operated on several weeks ago at his home for appendicitis, has returned to the University of Virginia and succeeds automatically to the presidency of the General Athletic Association, filling the vacancy caused by the failure of President Ed. Finlay to return. Lile Campbell was elected vice-president from the advisory board.

At a meeting of the advisory board, held last night, it was decided to allow the Woodberry Forest School and the Staunton Military Academy to stage their annual football game on Lambeth Field the morning of the Vanderbilt game, Saturday, November 1. This game, which will be an important factor in deciding the prep school

championship of the State, will be called at 11 o'clock in the morning.

A proposition submitted by Dr. Polard, of the S. A. I. A. A., to put basketball under the sanction and jurisdiction of that body, with a view to arranging suitable schedules and deciding championships, was discussed, but no action taken.

## PANDORINA WINS ENDURANCE RACE

Louisville, October 8.—Mrs. L. A. Livingston's filly, Pandorina, won the Kentucky Endurance race at four miles, the opening day feature at Churchill Downs. Pandorina finished out sixty lengths in front of Flora. Flora with Prince Eugene third. Mrs. Livingston received a gold cup, valued at \$1000 and the winner's end of the purse, amounting to \$4,750. In the second event, Brighurst, from the Camden stable, lowered the track record by a fifth of a second for five and a half furlongs, beating Black Tony and Hawthorne.

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